

Poetry.

SNOWED UNDER.

Of a thousand things that the Year snowed under—
The busy Old Year that has gone away—
How many will rise in the Spring, I wonder,
Brought to life by the sun of May?
Will the rose-tree branches, so wholly hidden
That never a rose-tree seems to be,
At the sweet Spring's call come forth unbidden,
And bud in beauty, and bloom for me?
Will the fair, green Earth, whose throbbing
bosom
To hid, like a maid's in her gown at night,
Wake out of her sleep, and with blade and blossom
Gem her garments to please my sight?
Over the knoll in the valley yonder
The loveliest buttercups bloomed and grew;
When the snow has gone that drifted them under,
Will they shoot up upward, and bloom anew?
When wind whistles and a sleet-storm pelts,
I lost a jewel of priceless worth;
If I walk that way when snows have melted,
Will the gem gleam up from the bare, brown earth?
I laid a love that was dead or dying,
For the year to bury and hide from sight;
But out of a trance will it waken crying,
And push to my heart, like a leaf to the light?
Under the snow lie things so cherished—
Hopes, ambitions and dreams of men—
Faces that vanished, and trusts that perished,
Never to sparkle or glow again.
The old year greedily grasped his plunder,
And covered it over and hurried away;
Of the thousand things that he hid, I wonder
How many will rise at the call of May?
O wise Young Year, with your hands held under
Your mantle of crime, tell me, pray!
—Ella Wheeler.

THE BALLAD OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

What might the shepherd of Jeno crave
Juno the Queen—by the flet tree?
Power, that maketh of man a slave,
Crowned with a symbol of sovereignty;
Power that maketh a man to be free,
With a thorn's sharp point, and a sword's keen edge;
Follows forever the things that flee;
But the world would be empty if men were wise!
What was the promise that Pallas gave—
Pallas the cold, with the kirtled knee?
Learning, that digests for man a grave
Under a pillar to deity;
Learning, a mole that in earth can see,
And misses the message of air and skies;
Learning that ever bathes dust for fee;
But the world would be empty if men were wise!
And the dame that rose from the curling wave—
The witch of the hilltop—what gave she?
Love, that maketh a man to be free,
For a vision that naught but a dream can be;
Love, that fulfilleth his heart with glee,
Love, that freighteth his breast with sighs,
Love that maketh a man to be free;
But the world would be empty if men were wise!
L'ENVOI.
Goddess of mine (for I bend to thee)
Look at me now with thy wine-dark eyes;
If Love be a folly—ah! what care we!
For the world would be empty if men were wise!

Miscellaneous.

A GRAMMATICAL PRUDE.

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell were a pair of matrimonial debutants who were making their first essay at housekeeping in a pleasant little cottage near the seashore which they had taken for the summer, and wherein they had bestowed the various tasteful and ingenious articles of furniture and bric-a-brac of which their wedding presents had chiefly consisted. After a great deal of amateur carpentering and papering and painting the establishment had been pronounced complete, and a very happy month of undisturbed tete-a-tete had followed, at the end of which time each had remembered certain dear friends whom they had asked to visit them. No sooner had these friends been served with reminders of their promises than they promptly made their appearance. There was but one delinquent, Mrs. Russell's bosom friend, Eugenia Gray, and she was to follow very soon. Those already in residence at Lotus Lodge (transiently so christened by the romantic little bride) were Miss Carrie Temple, another bosom friend of Mrs. Russell's; Mr. Frank Turner and Mr. Hoffman Martin, the two gentlemen being great friends of the hosts. These five young people were all well educated and enlightened members of society, each having a reputation for culture in his or her little circle, which was quite as well deserved as such reputations usually are, though none of them could have laid claim to absolute erudition, except, perhaps, Mr. Martin, who was professor in a great college and looked upon as a rising man. In their several ways they were all fired by the desire for self-improvement, and had come off for their holidays accompanied by vast number of books and manuscripts and scientific instruments and artists' materials. So far, however, although Mrs. Russell's guests had been with her a week, none of these articles had been called into requisition, and the days had passed in a *dolce far niente*. "Eugenia will be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Russell to her husband, one pleasant evening, looking up from a letter she was reading; "and then, and not till then, our party will be complete." "You think so?" said Mr. Russell, hesitatingly, taking his pipe from his mouth and looking fixedly into the bowl to avoid meeting his wife's eyes. "Why, I thought you were very fond of Eugenia?" the latter said. "So I am, my dear. I admire her immensely; but could we possibly be getting on more comfortably and prosperously then we are? Here are Frank Turner and Carrie Temple, who've been shilly-shallying all these months, coming to terms most beautifully under the spell of this judicious juxtaposition, aided by a shining example of marital felicity. And as for Martin, why, you see, he's an odd sort of fellow, and somewhat hard to suit, and yet how evident it is that he's settled down to the ground with things as they are now! I almost dread a change, and fear Eugenia may be a mistake." "Eugenia a mistake! George, I wonder at you! And besides, you know how anxious I've always been to bring Mr. Martin and Eugenia together!" "True," said her husband, smiling. "I've long seen that Martin ought to marry. He thinks too much of himself, and matrimony is good for that sort of thing."

"You don't mean to say that I ever made you think less of yourself? Why, how could I when you are so much better and cleverer than I am? Indeed, George, I'm afraid you don't do your duty to me. I am always asking you to correct my faults, and you won't." "Why should I?" asked her husband, shrewdly. "We do capitally as we are, and there are not many natures that can stand being told of their faults, even if, by possibility, they should chance to have one or two." "Oh, but George, I would never mind—especially from you. Do try me and see how well I'll take it." At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a neat little parlor maid who came to announce tea. It happened that during this meal, Mr. Martin stated that he must go to the city the next day and would be returning on the evening train—the very one that was to bring Miss Gray. So it was arranged that he should introduce himself and act as her escort, a plan which was accordingly executed, and with such success that, by the time they reached their destination, after a pleasant drive together in the summer gloaming, they had come almost to feel that they were old friends. "It works beautifully," said Mrs. Russell to her husband as they sat that evening on the moon-lighted porch, observing the pair who were now the special object of their thoughts. Miss Gray, all in white, was stretched at ease in a hammock, and Mr. Martin sat near by in a garden chair and gently manipulated the hammock string. At a little distance the forms of Mr. Turner and Miss Temple could be seen strolling about the garden paths, and Mrs. Russell, observing all this, felt within her a supreme content. At breakfast, next morning, when the delicious country cream and butter and fruit had received their full share of attention, and every one was in his or her best humor, the little hostess solemnly proposed that they should, that morning, begin their schemes of self-improvement, by entering into a resolute agreement to tell each other of mistakes, in grammar and pronunciation, whenever any member of the party should detect such on the part of any other member. Her proposition was warmly indorsed by all present, with one exception. Miss Gray was silent. "Why don't you speak, Eugenia?" said Mrs. Russell, observing this. "Surely you wouldn't mind being told if you should make a mistake—which isn't likely!" "I hope not, certainly," replied Miss Gray; "but, do you know, Minnie, I hardly think that a happy thought of yours! I've seen it tried before, and the result was not pleasant. It has been my experience that people will sooner forgive you for finding them guilty of a serious moral transgression than for proving them at fault in grammar or pronunciation. I have scarcely known any one who could take that sort of thing well, and it is hardly to be expected that six shining exceptions to the general rule have been brought together under one roof." "Let us prove it," said Minnie, looking eagerly around the table. "Why, it would be a contemptible weakness to be offended by such a thing as that. Don't you all agree with me in thinking we could stand the test?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Martin. "And besides, it is not to be expected that our delinquencies will be very great." "Speak for yourself, Mr. Martin," said Miss Gray. "It is rather a dangerous thing to put that sort of accuracy to the proof. But what do the others say?" A hearty concurrence in Mrs. Russell's plan being expressed by all, the resolution was accordingly passed. "Of course, no one is going to catch you, Eugenia," said her friend. "You were a swell at this kind of thing at school, and you've been developing it ever since. Neither can we hope to catch Mr. Martin nodding. His exquisite pronunciation has been the delight and despair of my life, ever since I've known him. Where the most of us say don'tchu, for example—or where we say something near akin to digde you, with him it is a distinct dig and a distinct you. And when he has occasion to mention his own name, it is a clear-cut Mar-tin, and not Martin, as our slovenly habit is. So also with Latin, sat-in, etc. We can expect no triumph in that quarter." "Purists are not impregnable," said Eugenia, smiling. "I have known them to slip." "Undoubtedly; but I don't consider myself a purist," said Mr. Martin, with direct mendacity. "You will have your chance at me, Miss Gray, I don't doubt. You shall see how meekly I will bear my reproof." "Yes," said Eugenia, smiling demurely; "we shall see." "For my part, I am delighted," said Mrs. Russell. "You have given us just the impetus we needed, Eugenia. I meant to have begun this thing long ago." "Meant to begin, my dear," said her husband. "There is number one in the list of corrections. Sure you don't mind?" "Of course not," said Mrs. Russell, with gay good humor that was perhaps a trifle overdue, "if it is perfectly certain that you are right." A short discussion of the point ensued, which resulted of course, in Mrs. Russell's conviction. "Poor little Min!" said Mr. Russell; "I'm afraid she's likely to have a hard time of it, not being up in these kind of things." "These kind, Mr. Russell?" said Eugenia. "Number two?" Any one who had been looking would have observed a little gleam of triumph in Mrs. Russell's eyes at this. "These kind of things? Certainly," said Mr. Russell. "Why not?" "Because kind is singular," said Miss Gray. "You can no more use kind than you can say these apple." "Of course," said Minnie, eagerly seizing the idea; "or these table, or these chair or these spoon." "Why, Minnie, have you turned against me, too?" said her husband. "Certainly. Didn't you turn against me, I'd like to know?" "Dear me!" said Carrie Temple, "I be-

gin to shake in my slippers. I wish I had pleaded guilty at first and kept out of it." "Pleaded, if you please, Carrie," said Miss Gray. "Pleaded is a regular verb." "Goodness!" said Miss Temple. "I'll stop shouting altogether." "I don't know but what I'll follow your example!" Mr. Turner was beginning, when he was promptly pounced on by the others. "But what, my dear fellow! Impossible!" said Mr. Martin. "I am rather surprised to see that our mistakes are more of grammar than pronunciation." "Pro-nun-she-a-shun, if you please, Mr. Martin," said Miss Gray; "your utterance of the word is very distinct and refined, in effect, but unfortunately, not correct, according to the dictionaries." "Thank you very much for telling me," said Mr. Martin, in his suave tone. There was something portentous in this extreme civility, as Eugenia shrewdly suspected, and she fancied that, in his heart, he disbelieved her. So she proposed an adjournment to the sitting room and an appeal to the dictionary. When the party entered this pretty little room, which was Mrs. Russell's most successful effort in the way of furnishing and decoration, probably more than one of them felt that this thing had gone far enough. It would not do to say so, however, so they all waited respectfully while the dictionary was consulted and Miss Gray vindicated. This done, Mrs. Russell, perhaps with the idea of leading the conversation into other channels, said suddenly: "Eugenia, did I tell you that we put the dodo around this room ourselves?" "Very creditable to you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Russell, smiling. "We'll call that word dodo, however, if it's all the same to you—as in far." Mrs. Russell, in spite of herself, was perceptibly discomfited. Her husband, who had been watching her closely, perceived this, and realizing, perhaps, that his little wife was not a tower of strength with regard to language, he said: "What does it all matter? These minute technicalities of speech are not very important. It should be sufficient if one tells the truth! For my part I have very little sympathy with this apothecary of culture." "Apothecary," corrected Miss Gray, laughing. "Of course," said Mr. Martin. "Why, Russell, where's your Greek gone to?" Minnie flashed upon him a venomous little glance. Mr. Turner, meantime, had strolled off to the window. He now returned, cigar-case in hand, saying: "It's far too lovely a day to be spent in dry discussions. Some one come out on the lawn with me while I smoke my cigar. Will you, Miss Carrie? You must need change of scene after your harassing experiences." "Harassing," corrected Carrie. "Why, I know better than that." It was evident to the close observers present that Mr. Turner was not pleased. He had, in truth, a somewhat masterful nature, and he had finally decided to ask Miss Temple to marry him because he considered her pliant and dependent. That she should know better than he did, in any issue whatsoever, was not agreeable to him. So now he merely bowed, without speaking, and went off to smoke his cigar alone. "How dangerous these black-eyed men always look, when they are cross," said Miss Temple, making an effort to seem unconcerned. "Mr. Turner might have passed for a stage brigand, just then." "Brigand, dear, if you don't mind," said Miss Gray, "that word is accented upon the first syllable. But really, it seems too bad to be so captious. Let us try to think of something else. What has become of the expedition to the fishing-village? I've always imagined a place of that sort would be so picturesque." "If you saw one you would be disappointed," said Mr. Russell, "there's a great discrepancy between the real and the ideal." "I dare say you are right," said Miss Gray, "but I and the lexicographers call that word discrepancy. I can not resist the temptation, you see! However, as to the fishermen, I can not help thinking I should be interested in seeing them at work, and in their own homes." "Homes!" said Mr. Martin. "Don't deprecate that word by applying it to their wretched hovels. I assure you the square in which they live is indescribable." "That word is pronounced squaylor, I beg to state," said Miss Gray; "what has become of your Latin, Mr. Martin?" This was too much for Minnie's equanimity. She burst into a little laugh and made a motion to clap her hands together, but remembered herself in time. Mr. Martin, for his part, said "Thank you," as politely as before, even more so perhaps, but it was more than ever apparent that he did not enjoy being found in the wrong. He went off to smoke presently, accompanied by his host, and when the three ladies were thus left alone, Eugenia Gray turned to Mrs. Russell and said: "Now, hon'or bright, Minnie, don't you think we've had enough of it? I haven't been caught so far, but I feel the discordance of the situation as much as any of you. Mr. Russell does not like it at all, and I'll venture to say there has been more hard feeling between you and him in the past hour than in the fifty that preceded it. Mr. Martin, of whom I had almost made a real friend, is now ready to murder me, and Mr. Turner has been looking thunderbolts at Carrie, and Carrie herself feels rather resentful and sore. Don't you see it was all a mistake?" "No," said Minnie stoutly, "I am not willing to believe we are such a petty set. I don't mind a bit, only I did get a little provoked with Mr. Martin and was so glad you paid him back. The idea of him asking George what had become of his Greek!" Miss Gray looked across quickly at Miss Temple, and put her finger on her lip, a warning which she was not perfectly sure the other understood. "As for Mr. Turner," said Miss Tem-

ple, "I think he has behaved absurdly. If this is his disposition I am glad to know it. He needn't suppose he knows me like that. I wish I could catch him in another mistake. Wouldn't I pounce?" When the gentlemen presently came in, there were still visible certain evidences of unconformitableness, but a disposition to let by-gones be by-gones was manifested and Mr. Turner approached quite affably. "I have been making enquiries—" he began. "Enquiries," put in Miss Temple, promptly. Mr. Turner said nothing. He did not even look at Miss Temple, but those at whom he did look found that gaze the reverse of pleasant. "Poor Carrie! She's done for herself now," commented Mrs. Russell, inwardly in great distress of mind. Miss Temple, however, if she felt herself under Mr. Turner's ban, carried it off with spirit. "We are both in disgrace," she whispered to Eugenia, with a little laugh. "Mr. Martin is really quite as angry as Mr. Turner, but it is a more controlled kind of anger." "It is really most preposterous," said Eugenia, "I wish he'd make another mistake." "We have all had our lesson in the evil habit of careless speech," Mr. Martin said presently, "with the exception of Miss Gray. She, it seems, is impregnable." "I don't venture to hope that," said Eugenia, concealing her sudden elation; "but while I think of it, let me say that the word you have just used is pronounced by authority as well as custom and is the only one I know of which I should be able to correct soundly, but so it is. So also with devil—saving the company's presence—I've heard you treat that word in the same punctilious manner, but the dictionaries give devil." "Really, Miss Gray," put in Mr. Russell, "I don't know as ever I know a gal as knows as much as you know." Any mistakes in that sentence? If so, don't put them down to me. It's a quotation. We must present you to our friends as the 'Great North America Corrector.' You should have a placard to that effect, hung around your neck." "Placard," Mr. Russell, please. No objection to the scheme, but in my judgment character I must except to the pronunciation. "Why don't you hire a hall and give a lecture, Miss Gray?" said Mr. Russell. "You might call it 'Grammatical Heresies and Schisms.'" "If I did I should not pronounce schisms as if it were a word of two syllables—nor prisms either, nor baptism as if it had three, as most people do." "May I ask," said Mr. Russell, "whether, by any chance, you ever made a mistake?" "Assuredly," said Eugenia, "escape to-day is pure good luck, or else because of the leniency of my companions," she added, looking at Mr. Martin rather wickedly. "Indeed, sometimes I err deliberately. For instance, nothing would induce me to say clerk for clerk, in this country, or to speak of a sitting hen, though I acknowledge the correctness of both these points. I don't want to go so far, in my aim at purity of language, as to merit the epithet applied to me by a clever man I once knew, who called me a grammatical prude." Miss Gray laughed as she recalled the expression, and Mr. Martin might have been seen to smile significantly. That night, when Mr. and Mrs. Russell found themselves alone, the former opened the conversation by saying: "What do you think of your experiment now, Madame Min?" "Oh, George!" said Minnie, helplessly. "How unpleasant it has been!" "Tolerably unpleasant, I must admit. There's Turner won't look at Carrie, when he's been quite unable to see any one else heretofore, and Carrie, for her part, is obstinate and defiant to the last degree. I'm afraid neither will ever make the concession necessary to a reconciliation. So what becomes of your plan? Then there's Martin, who was just ready to fall into your trap concerning the other little scheme—more smitten than ever I saw him in my life before, indeed—completely turned around. I'll venture to say he has set Miss Gray down now as a female prig. His self-love has received a mortal blow. And there is Eugenia herself, who used to think Mr. Martin delightful, but who'd tell you now he was a conceited coxcomb. And this isn't all. Minnie, look me in the eyes. Tell me the truth, dear. When have you ever felt toward me before as you did when I corrected you this morning?" "I know, George, and I'm awfully sorry. It wasn't because of the mistake—only I did think, if I went wrong you shouldn't have been the first to catch at it. It almost seemed as if you were glad. You didn't look sorry for me one bit." The answer returned to this, having no connection with the present narration, need not be given here. It is probable that the other members of the little party judged Mrs. Russell's experiment to have been as unpleasant in its results as the host and hostess did. Certainly Miss Gray, though she had been unscathed, experienced no agreeable emotions in consequence. The whole episode had been disturbing and disconcerting. She feared she had taken rather too much upon herself and that the others thought so. With regard to one of them at least her surmise was correct. "And to think," said Mr. Martin to himself between the puffs of his bedtime cigar, "that I was nearer falling in love with her than I've been with any woman for years. Well, I'm in no particular danger now. Fairly out of it, by George, and a good thing it is! I wonder who the man was that called her 'A Grammatical Prude'! I'd like to shake him by the hand. It was a felicitous epithet. The poor fellow had reason to speak feelingly, I expect." Oh, that Eugenia could have heard him!—The Continent.

Elephant Sense.
A very large elephant named Chuni was for a time on exhibition at Exeter 'Change, London. The following story is told of him: For some years his master had been in the habit of sharing with him every evening a bottle of spirits. The man had invariably given the elephant the first glass out of the bottle, till one night the impulse seized him to reverse the order. At this the elephant was highly offended, would not touch the second glass, and never again would join his master in his revelleries. Like many another of his kind, he could not forget a wanton insult. One day a man visiting the menagerie struck the elephant a sharp blow on the trunk with his cane. The keeper instantly jerked him away, and warned him that it would never be safe for him to go near the elephant again. Six months afterward the man, who had no doubt quite forgotten the incident, was again in the menagerie. In cautiously approaching the elephant the vindictive animal seized him with his trunk, and hurled him on the ground with such terrible force as to kill him instantly. This elephant had a very sad end. It was necessary to tear down Exeter 'Change Building, and it being judged impossible for some reason to move Chuni, his owners decided to kill him. First they tried poisoning, and gave him a pound of arsenic in his food, with no apparent effect. They then mixed corrosive sublimate in some buns, and offered them to him with others. He ate all the buns which were not poisoned, but would not touch the others. They then poisoned his hay, but he refused to eat it. The royal guards were now called in, and fired 120 shots into his head and body. While he was in the greatest agony and fury from his wounds his keeper ordered him to kneel, believing that the soldiers might be enabled to take better aim. The poor beast instantly obeyed. Such was his tenacity of life, that after receiving these 120 shots, ten of which had entered the head, three crashing into the substance of the brain itself, he lived an hour. The skeleton of this elephant is at the museum of London University.
An elephant well known to all visitors of the London Zoological Gardens as Jumbo, was dubbed Jack, and, though not a large elephant, was quite a sagacious one. He got very tired at one time of the confined space of his cell, and knew of no way to get more breathing room but by enlarging it by his own efforts. With a blow of his tusk he broke one of the boards in the ceiling above his head and then with tusk and trunk worked until in a few hours he had torn away the entire ceiling. Jack was having his portrait sketched at one time, and the painter wanted to represent him with trunk extended. For this reason he employed a boy to feed the elephant with apples. But as he devoured the fruit too fast for the painter's purposes, the boy was instructed to tempt him with an apple until the trunk was extended, and then withdraw it. Poor Jack evidently did not like this plan but he made no immediate resistance. When the sitting was over the remaining apples were given to the animal, and after he had munched them several pails of water were brought to him. Filling his trunk he then, with the quickness of thought, deluged the artist and the sketch, to which he was giving the finishing touches.
Two remarkable historic elephants lived many years at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. They were known as Castor, and Pollux. These elephants were brought from a Holland museum when quite young. Their quarters were very comfortable in Paris, for not only had they spacious cells, with the range at stated intervals of a large park, but they also had a large pond to bathe in. These elephants served diligently toward earning their own living, for they had a howdah erected on their backs, and would take the visitors, especially children, around the park for a stated fee. These elephants were killed during the Commune and their flesh used for food.
An elephant well-known to menageries in this country was Hannibal, which we might call a large elephant, if we had never seen Jumbo. His sagacity made him a most valuable animal, and he was one of the most successfully trained elephants ever known. He and the elephants trained with him were the first to mark a new departure in elephant training, when the more trivial performances such as ringing a bell with the trunk, picking up letters, or keeping step to the National hymn, gave way to the more difficult gymnastics of the circus ring. These required not merely memory, but continued muscular practice. So anxious are these beasts to acquire all that they are bidden to learn that when left alone they will often spend hours going through the list of movements and evolutions that their master has previously made them perform.—*Inter Ocean*.

Fence Marks.
"One morning, just after a tramp left my house," said a suburban resident to a Cleveland *Harvard* reporter, "I noticed that he took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and made a horizontal mark on the fence and continued his tramp. Some what mystified, I did not erase the mark and kept it on the fence for future observation, and sure enough in a few days another member of the genus tramp came marching along the roadway, stopped at the gate, but before entering he seemed to hesitate, looked about the fence, and, noticing the horizontal mark, entered without further hesitation.
"Intent upon watching the meaning of these marks, I treated the fellow just as I did his predecessor, and gave him a cup of coffee. Before he left he added his horizontal line to that of his friend's and went on his way rejoicing. More curious than ever, I must confess that I awaited the arrival of the next tramp with great anxiety. When he came, as ragged and dilapidated as the others before him, he also looked for the marks on the fence and entered. I gave him a cold piece of meat. He, like the others, took chalk out of his pocket, but in place of making a horizontal line he drew a perpendicular line across the fence and departed.
"After that," continued the speaker,

"I made up my mind to make this matter a study, and through a period extending over two years, I learned all the marks and signs of the tramping fraternity. One fellow I gave a square meal, and he drew a square on the fence, but immediately after that I was besieged with tramps until I erased the square, and then they were not quite so numerous. Then, determined to get at the bottom of this thing, I drove the next applicant for a square meal out of the yard, and treated him in the worst manner imaginable; that fellow placed a cross on the fence, and for a month or so, every tramp who happened to pass my house took a look at the fence and made no attempt to enter the gate. Just for a matter of experiment and to convince myself that I was right concerning these marks, I erased the cross, and replaced it with a square; but you can depend on it that I didn't keep it there long, for I soon discovered to my cost that every tramp in the neighborhood was knocking at my door for admission.
"I could go on and give you a long string of these mysterious marks, but I think I have told you enough to convince you that there is such a thing in existence as a tramp's protective association; but let me tell you something else, and then I'll quit. I own a very vicious looking dog which I generally keep chained up. One day I lured on a tramp with a square on the fence. I watched him from the window, noticed the pleased expression on his countenance when he beheld the mark, and I immediately unchained the dog. He opened the gate; the dog barked savagely, made a jump at him, and all my friend could do was to get on the other side of the fence before the dog abbreviated his clothing.
"What sign did he leave on the fence?" "He was so scared and surprised that I didn't think he would leave any sign but after he was a short distance up the roadway I went out and noticed that he left a circular mark behind him. So my friend," concluded the man from the country, "just tell your country friends if they don't want to be pestered to death with the tramps, have them get a piece of chalk and mark up their fence with crosses and circles."

A Lively Criticism.

The following musical criticism from an Aurora (Ill.) paper is full of strong contemporaneous human interest:
"The Kellogg concert, as might have been anticipated, was largely attended. The dollar freeze out was rather rough on the hoodlums, but the audience managed to exist without the customary war-whoops. The divine Louise was as resonant as usual, which, by the way, she ought to be, being well seasoned. The editor of this paper makes no great pretensions in the way of musical criticism, but when a genuine \$600 grand spiral stub-and-twist, back-action, self-adjusting chronometer-balanced, full-jeweled, fourth-proof, riper-snooping conglomeration comes to town, he proposes to hump himself. Kellogg's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is up-stairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs. The aforesaid Kellogg performed her grand triple act of singing, rolling the eyes and talking to some one in the wings at the same time. Her smiles at the audience were calm, but determined, but her smiles at the 'feller' hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing, when she condescended to pay any attention to the audience, to our critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up) seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo crescendo damfino—or care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous, barring a tendency to spill some of the contents out at the top. The Italian part of the business was as fidgety and furious as usual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand-organ and monkey will accomplish. The venerable and obese freak of nature, Brignoli, was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a stove in a corner grocery or a water tank on a narrow gauge railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to the best advantage, and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible, an effort in which he had the sympathy of the audience."

The True America.

It is sometimes said that America is now no longer what it was when Tocqueville described it, and that the moral level is now lower. Does not this judgment rest on what one sees in the pandemonium of New-York, or in the cities of the far west, which are every day emerging from the desert and from barbarism? At all events, in the measure in which the fact is true, it is explained by two causes—emigration, which brings the impure contingent of the lowest classes of the nations of Europe, and the fever of the material growth of the American giant. The one main purpose is to develop the natural wealth of a new world. How could this preoccupation of material interests fail to be the prime object, when even in our old societies it claims each day an increasing interest?
The development of the material resources of America is a prodigious phenomenon, to which nothing in the past history of the world shows any parallel. The statistics of progress confound the imagination. I cite one fact only. In a single year the extension of railways has been such that in two and a half years, at the same rate, the new lines would equal the whole railway system of France. How, amidst similar growth of all material resources, could the pursuit of wealth fail to show itself every where? But if we penetrate beneath the surface, always agitated and troubled, we find, in the great mass of the homes of the Nation, a life intellectual and moral, vigorous and sound, a true attachment to the best ideas of humanity and justice. Two great influences are at work to raise man above the exclusive reign of selfishness and of appetite—the influence of the Common School and that of Christianity.—*E. de Laveleye in the Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He Was Overcome and the Way by Which He Was Finally Saved.
(Correspondence Spirit of the Times.)
An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere in this State is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire.
The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:
"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?"
"Right here, in the swamp."
"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."
"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."
"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"
"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."
"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?"
"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."
"I don't understand you?"
"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and found it pained me to move my arm! This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."
"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"
"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolted up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."
"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"
"Try. I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphia."
"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?"
"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured of the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."
"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"
"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."
The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed, and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla heals scrofulous sores and leaves the skin fair and without scar.

ous musical instruments. In the harp, piano, and other stringed instruments, there is a vibration of the string only, producing sound waves, while in the wind instruments the air is made to vi-

slipping tender, as he chased the coins over the slippery surface of the glass on the extreme edge of which the boy had carefully arranged them. 'You're running down pretty low on your account. I suppose you are afraid the bank would fail if you

"Grandpa," said an intelligent little fellow, "who made those great ditches in your forehead?"

"God, my dear."

"What did he make them for?"

On a farm. Much of the time I have not been able to be on my feet, but I am satisfied that with a few more bottles of your medicine I shall be a well woman.

I enclose pay for two bottles. Please send as soon as possible.

Mrs. E. P. Rowe.

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